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## CORRIE SHERWOOD'S HERO.

An Excellent Story.

CONCLUDED.

INDSEY slipped to the door and turn-A ed the key. He would not be interrupted now-he must know all.

"Robert-Mr. Sherwood," he said firmly, coming and standing before him, "I have a right to know what this means, and I must."

"It means that we are all beggars-"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I understand that, only tell me it is nothing worse. That check of Morrison's-"

"I meant to pay it, God knows, Lindsey!" he exclaimed covering his face with his hands. "I expected to have the money to return to the bank long before his return."

"He did not give you the check, then?" "We had some of his blank checks, and I-O my God!"

"Enough, I understand," Lindsey interrapted strongly moved by his companion's

After a while, Sherwood controlled himmonths before, a friend had induced his father to invest heavily in a new oil com pany just beginning operations under the most flattering prospects. At the same time, ignorant of his father's investment, he had himself bought one hundred shares in another company whose promises were even more flattering than the other. This left them very short of funds, and the bill just paid was for goods bought on six month's credit, contrary to their usual custom, but made necessary by the circumstances. The first three months things looked favorable, and under the prospect of success other debts were incurred. Latterly—say for the last month—rumors of failure in the first-named company had been circulated, and the morning after the party, they had seen in a paper the announcement of the failure, and the flight of the treasurer with what little funds remained over the expenses that had been incurred in what had proved fruitless labor. Still they hoped the story false, as no other had been received from the agent in New York. The morning mail, however, brought one, confirming the newspaper report, and pronouneing it a dead loss to stockholders. The effect on his father had been such as to nearly deprive him of reason; and his anxiety about Gorham's bill, so near due, drove him wild, and he declared in a frenzy of passion, that he would never live to be disgraced by having his store closed, or an attachment put on his property by Gorham, who he knew would not hesitate to do it.

In this strait, his father half crazed, his mother and sister weeping, and begging him to do something to save them and qui-

son's name came to him. He fought against haste to have it over. "I have come to the He knew he could never be anything to away down street, not earing to let Sherit until he himself was half-distracted, yielding at last, by comforting his conscience with the assurance that Morrison would gladly accommodate them if he were own responsibility..." at home.

"God knows, Lindsey, I had never dreamed of such a possibility as this !" he gasped in a hoarse whisper, "I had invested ten thousand dollars with the prospect of tripling my money in six months. The six months expired yesterday, and I have mands and have a home left for them, at scarcely slept an hour this week, I have least. You are young and capable, you can been in such a fervor of expectancy. It is all over now! Bentley writes, the whole thing was an enormous swindle, and the alluding to it, permit you to marry Miss sharp fellows who got it up are already on their way to Europe with the money of their dupes; an old worn out oil well, being all that is left for the stockholders. I dare not tell father-and that check-O my God, I shall go wild!" And springing to his feet he paced the floor in an agony of remorse and despair.

"Why not write to Mr. Morrison at once, telling him the story as you have told it to me. I don't think he would prosecute the case—you could secure him by a mortgage on the store and contents: you say you have accommodated each other.

"I will do so at once. Heaven bless you Lindsey; I feel new conrage already. I can bear the disgrace of bankruptcy-but crime !" shuddering convulsively.

A rap at the door interrupted them .-Lindsey turned the key and looked out. The shop boy stood a little in advance of three men, two of them the same who had visited the store the morning after Corralline Sherwood's party. He closed the door behind him and walked forward to meet

"We would like to see the senior partner," one of them said, glancing toward the office door.

"Mr. Sherwood is ill at his house, sir," Lindsey returned quietly.

"Mr. Robert Sherwood, then."

"He is busy, just now; if you would inform me of your business," Alfred began : but the man interrupted him with a short laugh and an expressive shake of the head. "Call Mr. Sherwood," Lindsey said,

turning to the boy. Robert came out at once, deadly pale,

but calm. He had evidently overheard the conversation, and knowing the speaker, divined at once his business. He bowed quietly, and leaning against a pillar, said in a steady voice :

"You can proceed with your business, gentlemen; I think I anticipate its nature."

The two men exchanged glances, and then made a sign to the third, who took out and read a writ of attachment upon the store and contents, in behalf of Dovles & Hunter, of Hartford, creditors to the firm of Sherwood & Son, for goods to the value of nine hundred dollars. The business concluded, Messrs. Doyle & Hunter turned to go out, leaving the officer in charge of the store.

"I know whom I am to thank for this, Clark Hunter," Robert said, an angry flush struggling through the dead pallor of his face.

"Thank you," Hunter retorted. I am your friend Morrison?" And with a low, exultant laugh, he walked away.

tled down upon it. With an unsteady step he opened the office door and went in.

looking sorry.

"Yes," Lindsey answered abruptly, without looking up, a strange expression growing every instant in his face, and his gray eyes darkening to jetty black.

A moment or two more of struggle, and he followed his partner into the office.

"It is too late for what I proposed," he said, speaking hurriedly, like one who had felt, shot heavily through his heart. He

conclusion that I signed Morrison's name. I shall be arrested for presenting the check -I shall at once admit that I did it on my

"And bear the punishment for my guilt! No, I am not such a scoundrel as to suffer that, Lindsey," Sherwood interrupted.

"Hear me, Robert," he cried, laying his hand on his arm. "Think of your parents and Corrie. You can settle all these desoon get into some business that will keep you all comfortably-and, pardon me for Austin."

"We were to have been married in a month," he interrupted, sadly.

"Yes, I heard so. But if she is a true woman she will wait willingly, and sympathize with and encourage you, meanwhile. If I am anything, or ever might have been, it is your kindness and sympathy that have done it. I ask it as a privilege, my best and truest friend, to bear this burden for you. There is no one dependent on me, now mother is dead, and no one will be pained or unhappy on my account. I am only a Lindsey, you know, and no one will be surprised; beside, I shall not suffer-" he was going to add, "because I have the consciousness of innocence, but checked himself, and substituted, "because I shall have the consciousness of repaying in part the great debt of gratitude I owe you."

Sherwood at first positively refused to listen to such a plan, but he was worn down with care and loss of rest, and mind and body were nearly exhausted in the struggle. He felt the force of Lindsey's reasoning, and at last yielded, weakly, perhaps, but not selfishly, for it was not of himself he thought, only of his father and mother, and Corrie—and possibly of Floy Austin : no man is willingly disgraced in the eyes of his betrothed wife.

Well, the blow had fallen, and all Grantley was confounded. But the bankruptcy, incredible as that seemed, was quite overshadowed by the dreadful turpitude of young Lindsey, though not a few were heard to declare that it was nothing more than was to be expected of a Lindsey, and a formal one, the accused having confessed they were not surprised in the least-in his guilt, and requested that no defence be fact, had been expecting some such thing to happen ever since James Sherwood was so Quixotic as to take the boy into his store. It seemed the whole trouble from first to last, originated in Lindsey's crime, according to the odd logic of the Grantley-ites, though Robert Sherwood took every occasion to declare the true cause of bankruptcy to be an unwise and wild speculation.-But this was set down as only another proof of foolish weakness in upholding and countenancing Alfred Lindsey - he had always done so.

Only one person in Grantley (save, of course, Robert Sherwood) believed in the possibility of Lindsey's innocence. Why should they, indeed, since he himself had admitted his guilt at the first? But Annie Morrison was a stubborn little thing when once she made up her mind to anything, and as determined as she was stubborn. It made her angry to see every one so willing -indeed, rather pleased-to believe evil of sorry I couldn't give you time to draw on one who had fought his way up so bravely against the prejudices of his fellow-citizens. She had a natural love of opposition, and The flush faded instantly from Robert so she espoused his cause, and was in her Sherwood's face, and a look of despair set- element. If there was any other reason that influenced her in the matter she did not admit it, even to herself. She managed "A bad business, Mr. Lindsey" said, to see him after his arrest just long enough to say, in a low voice :

story Alfred? No, I know better and I am going to prove it !"

"Miss Morrison, I beg," he began, but she nodded gayly, in a very positive way, and tripped away.

A sharp pang of regret, the first he had

Annie Morrison-he had always tried to remember it, but a heart is a wayward thing to manage.

"She will never know that I am innocent," he said, a little sadly, "and by-andby she will come to think like the rest."-And yet his heart beat lighter all day for that whispered word.

Before the day of trial came, Annie had nearly succeeded in converting her father to her belief in young Lindsey's innocence. She had a happy faculty of winding that personage round her finger. He had a great deal of faith in Annie's judgment, and altogether believed her to be a most wonderful little woman.

"You see," said Annie, argumentatively, "it's not at all probable that he would do this when it wasn't going to benefit himself any, only to pay an old debt contracted by the firm six months before he was admitted into it. And, by the way, I think it a shabby trick in the Sherwoods taking any one into such a shaky concern as theirs very evidently was.

"I think they meant well, my dear," her father interposed, mildly.

"Perhaps," was the doubtful answer.-"But now, father does it look reasonable that any one would be so anxious to con viet himself, if he were really guilty, as you say Mr. Lindsey was? You say he seemed 'feverishly eager to criminate himself.' Now is that natural, father ?"?

"Well, not generally, I think."

"Of course not. I tell you he is not guilty of this forgery, and if you send him to prison, you will do a very wicked thing," she said, vehemently.

"But, my child, he is in the hands of the law; it will not be as I say," he re-

"But you can establish some test—see if he can write your hand-it is said that the imitation was perfect-or require him to declare under oath that it was his worksomething to get at the truth-for it is my firm belief that he is sacrificing himself to save the Sherwoods,"

Mr. Morrison promised to mention these things to a legal friend and get his opinion; he did not know that could do much more.

The day of trial came round; it was only made for him. A counsel had, however, been assigned to him, to sum up the extenuating circumstances, and beg that the court might be as lenient as possible in its sentence-considering the nature of the crime-in view of his youth and previous good character.

But a new complexion was at once put upon affairs, by Clark Hunter's coming forward at the opening of the court and boldly charging the forgery upon Robert Sherwood. He stated that, knowing the financial affairs of the firm to be in a very ticklish condition, he had, in company with a detective from the city, kept an eye on the Sherwoods for several days previous to the time of the forgery. He knew of their dabbling in speculations, and learned of the failure of the concern perhaps before they did. He was a little surprised to find a new partner in the firm, and did not know but possibly he might have money. He waited to find out. He soon learned that it was only a poor clerk who had long been in their employ. He knew Gorham's note fell due the next day, and he had a natural curiosity to see how they managed to pay it. He was interested, from the fact that the Sherwoods owed their firm quite a sum. He saw Robert Sherwood come down to the store, and almost immediately young Lindsey go away. He looked into the store "You don't suppose I believe this absurd | twice, but saw nothing of Sherwood. He afterward saw Lindsey come down to the store, and a moment after, looking in through the glass door, saw him behind the counter waiting on some ladies. Afterward, from the same position, saw Sherwood open the office door and beckon to Lindsey, who et his father, the temptation to use Morri- made up his mind to do a thing and is in conquered the feeling after a little struggle. lowed him into the office. He then walked came out from behind the counter and fol- ferent success.

wood see him just then.

In a little less than ten minutes Sherwood came out of the store and walked hastily toward home. He then entered the store, several others also coming in; bought a pair of gloves, and waited further developments. He had a theory that some means were to be put in operation to procure the money to meet Gorham's bill next day, and thought possibly the store and contents

were to be mortgaged.

"Presently the sound of wheels made me lift my eyes." he continued, "and I saw Robert Sherwood, and a fellow whom I judged to be one of their servants, drive up in a carriage. Lindsey went hastily out. There was no one in the store, and a strong impulse to open the office door and look in, took possession of me. I did so, and the first thing that caught my eye was a piece of crumpled paper lying in front of the desk. I took it, and without looking at it, put it in my pocket and hurried out. Sher-wood was still talking with Lindsey, who was seated in the carriage with the Irish-I walked immediately out, and when at a sufficient distance, smoothed out the paper and read, 'T. D. Morrison' written in half a dozen places, together with the time and place of date. But the date was 'Sept. 11th,' instead of thirteenth as it really was. I was shocked at the suspicion that forced itself upon me. I had letters in Sherwood's hand, and I compared them with the writing on the paper, and saw at once, that it was the same, only a little disguised. I had also a letter of Morrison's, and I remembered all at once that I had previously observed that there was a striking similarity between the handwriting of the two men.

"I knew Morrison had gone West. wrote him immediately, asking if he had loaned Sherwood a sum of money to be drawn from the bank during his absence.-He telegraphed back that he had not, and Mr. Dole and myself visited the bank, and found a check for \$5000 had been presented by Lindsey the afternoon of the 13th. We went down at once and put an attachment on the store. Subsequent developments you are familiar with. I demand now that Lind sey give us a proof of his handwriting being the same signed to the check, or that on this piece of paper," producing it and laying it on the table.

Lindsey firmly refused. There was a little excitement, and before it had subsided. Robert Sherwood, his face pale, yet firm. walked into court.

"Stop!" he interrupted. "It is I, who am the culprit-"

"No! no, it is not, gentlemen-O, do no: mind what he says!" Lindsey cried, inter-runting him. "O Robert! you promised me you would not interfere," a pleading pathos in his voice.

"Damon and Pythias," sneered Hunter Well, of course the entire complexion of the matter was changed, and Robert Sherwood, the handsome, generous, talented son of one of the oldest and most respectable families of Grantley, was condemned to imprisonment for forgery, and Alfred Lind sey's noble conduct was on every tongue. Public opinion, that fickle creature, fell as once to abusing Robert Sherwood, and if it could have had the fixing of the sentence am afraid the gallows would have had another victim. By-and-by, however, the another victim. excited state of opinion subsided. Lindseused every effort to soften the feeling against him, and at the end of a year succeeded in getting up a petition headed by Mr. Morrison, for his pardon. After some delay it was granted, and Robert Sherwood. grown sadly old and altered in a year, camack to Grantley. During his incarceration, Lindsey had acted the part of a so-to the poor, broken-down old man, wh-seemed littl enough like the proud merchant of former years. All Grantley propl esied that Lindsey's love for Corrie Sher wood prompted him to this course of laboand sacrifice, as well as being at the bottom of his devotion to Robert.

Well, as I said, Robert Sherwood came back to Grantley, broken in health an spirits, his good name tarnished, poverty and toil before him, a weak, almost imbecile father, and a helpless mother and siter dependent on him for support. Did hiold friends, remembering all his long, upright life, his pure morality, his generous noble nature, forgive him this one sin, conmitted under such great excitement and

provocation, and not a deliberate wrong? Mr. Morrison showed not only his true nobility as a gentleman, but his Christia spirit, in using every effort to make him fee how fully and thoroughly he forgave hin and wished to have it quite forgotten. He also tried bravely to combat the prejudiceof his fellow-citizens, but with very indic-

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